

CAUGHT IN ICE

A light, clear-blue, plastic ice cube tray
sits in small puddles
on the counter
by the aluminum kitchen sink.

Light, yellow and dusty hot,
streams through the window
cutting itself
on a suspended prism.

The room is empty.

In the living room with dark wood
a naked three-year-old
with pink bows in blonde hair
plays the piano
thinking of last night's bad dreams.

In another room
someone rustles.

STRAIGHTEDGE RAZOR

Old, but as clear of eye
as a sixteen-inch rainbow trout
freshly pulled from the blue lake,
she looks at me
seeing a son with an ex-wife and children.
She has come across the praries
and mountains with packages and
bags, suitcases and valises,
stopping at the ocean to hold
the final grandchild,
a mancub named Max.
After a stay she packs again
turning the car into the rising
sun of the east.

What she expects or needs
from me has been lost
in the bowling alley of time.
A kiss and she pats my cheek
saying, "Take care of my grandchild,
that woman, and, for God's sake!,
shave."